

## SEEING BY TELEPHONE

Dr. Sylvestre Claims That This Is Possible.

## A FAIRY TALE, SAYS PROF. BELL.

Paris Inventor Claims It Will Do Away With the Telephone and Will Only Cost About \$3.75—Colors, Figures and Details Thrown Upon a Sheet—Bell Regards It as an Absurdity.

Dr. Sylvestre, the inventor who claims to have found out how to see by the telephone, has just described to the Paris correspondent of the New York World his discovery, which he declares, was a matter of chance. He said:

"There is no reason why, as soon as telephonic cables are established between Paris and New York, we should not see our friends there as easily as I see you.

"I have already seen the Marseilles Telephone Exchange from this room by means of my apparatus, and I have chatted by telephone with M. Mougeot, the French postmaster general, watched his astonishment and described his appearance, his clothes and his office as we talked.

"I cannot work my apparatus for you yet, because I am in treaty with the French postoffice people, and the method is so simple that if I showed it to you you yourself could go away and make an apparatus just like it.

"I may well confess I do not altogether understand my own invention. I discovered it quite by accident, although it acts quite perfectly and shows colors of all kinds with absolute faithfulness and very vividly. I am not scientist enough to explain how or why it acts exactly as it does.

"Six weeks ago I was in my laboratory enameled some teeth and was sitting over a big stove. There was no light in the room excepting what the stove gave. The walls of my laboratory are white. My job was a long and wearisome one, and as we have a 'theatrephone' at my flat, I had myself connected with the opera and was listening to Griseid while I waited for the enamel to melt.

"Suddenly I noticed colors and figures on the wall in front of me. I put down the 'theatrephone.' They disappeared.

"I took it up again, and again I saw the figures and this time much more distinctly. Then I both heard and watched the whole act of the opera sitting in my chair before that stove.

"The spectograph was invented. I had found out how to see by telephone. For a fortnight I worked over my invention day and night. Then on the 21st of last month (November), my apparatus being perfected, I wrote M. Mougeot, the French postmaster general, and asked him to receive me. I have seen him several times. I am now in treaty with the French government for a 'cession' of my invention, for which I want \$5,000,000.

"I have tried the apparatus several times since under all sorts of circumstances, and it has never failed me. Space is annihilated by the spectograph, and the thing itself is so absurdly simple that the apparatus will only cost about \$3.75. My invention practically does away with telegrams. Put a written communication in front of the looking glass at the London end of a wire, and your correspondent in Paris will see it quite distinctly at his end. As soon as my contract with the French government for \$5,000,000 is signed I mean to give an immense show in the Galerie des Jardins Champs des Mars to all who care to come. There on an enormous sheet I will show what my apparatus will do.

"This is what Dr. Sylvestre showed the correspondent: A small circular mirror with a hole in the center, into which is screwed a tiny electric light of 1.10 candle power. This is fixed to a telephone's microphone plate by an india rubber band. A pencil-like instrument connects the current with the apparatus. Two acids are allowed to mix drop by drop in a torpedolike machine about three inches long. This process throws what Dr. Sylvestre terms a phosphorescent flame on the looking glass connected with the poles and pencil, and a sheet of any white, semi-transparent tissue placed before the glass shows the room in which the other person is telephoning, no matter how many miles away that person may be.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, recently read with much interest the cable from Paris telling of the alleged discovery by Dr. Sylvestre of a process that enabled him to see by telephone. After reading the dispatch Professor Bell made the following statement to the Washington correspondent of the above mentioned paper:

"The idea of seeing by telephone has attained its majority. It is now twenty-one years of age. Seeing by telephone or by telegraph may be within the range of the possible. I say that because nothing is impossible until it has been demonstrated so to be. Seeing by either of these instrumentalities, however, is, as I look upon it, so far removed from the field of probability that I should treat any report of this character as an absurdity.

"The idea of seeing by telephone is a newspaper product and was credited to myself. Twenty-one years ago, early in 1880, I made an important invention, based upon my discovery of the possibility of transmitting sound by the agency of a beam of light, utilizing the remarkable property of selenium, whose electrical resistance is varied by the ac-

tion of light. This apparatus, which was subsequently perfected, is known to science today as the photophone. "At that time I was not prepared to publish the results I had obtained. I therefore filed a secret sealed package in the Smithsonian institution which detailed the secret I had discovered. It so happened that in those days the public was willing to believe anything about electricity or the telephone. The fact that I had deposited this package got out, and some newspaper wag who knew something of electricity published a story.

"His story was to the effect that Dr. H. E. Licks of Bethlehem, Pa., had succeeded, by the aid of the telephone, in projecting upon a screen a real live image of a cat. The use of the name H. E. Licks is apparent to any scientific man when we recall the term 'helix.' At all events, the papers took it up, and out of that grew the story of being able to see by telephone.

"This cable from Paris is the same old story. It has occasionally cropped out since 1880, usually every four or five years, in one form or another. I must confess that I do not believe Dr. Sylvestre has made such a discovery; as he has led the correspondent to write about. There is nothing in the story as I read it to indicate that it is any more than a fairy tale."

## SACRED PAINTING FOUND.

Officer Tells How He Unearthed Old Picture of the Mother Mary.

Captain Charles Tarlton of Indianapolis, Ind., formerly of the Thirty-sixth Infantry, while on active duty in the Philippines came into possession of a picture that has been appraised as being worth not less than \$5,000, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The picture is a portrait of the Mother Mary, clasping to her breast the dead form of the Christ. It is painted on a copper plate 8 inches wide and 12 inches long and is from the brush of an artist of the sixteenth century. According to artists and experts who have viewed the work, it is by the hand of a Spanish master, and, though the identity of the artist has not yet been established, it is said to be the product of a master.

Mystery and romance surround the discovery of the ancient work. It was found in the depths of a subterranean passage, locked in a vault built in the solid masonry. Here, it is presumed, it had lain for centuries undisturbed and forgotten. The circumstances attending the discovery of the masterpiece are remarkable. Captain Tarlton at the head of his company, in 1900 was in command of a town in southern Luzon. He was ordered to search for arms believed to be somewhere concealed about the pueblo and in the search that followed stumbled across a subterranean passage that led from a church to a convent near by. While exploring this underground channel he uncovered indications that pointed to a vault in the masonry and, instituting search, found the massive door that hid the opening. This he burst open and, gaining an entrance, found on the inside a number of valuable papers—ancient records for the most part that were of little if any practical value—and securely wrapped in oilskins, canvas and leather the picture of the Mother Mary with the dead Jesus resting in her arms.

## CRYSTAL GAZING.

Latest Craze in London Society Started by Andrew Lang.

A new craze threatens to grip society, according to a cable dispatch from London to the Chicago Record-Herald. That is crystal gazing. Andrew Lang is the prime mover. He has been recommending that every one should possess a crystal ball and sit down with it in the hope of seeing uncanny pictures. Mr. Lang succeeded even beyond his dreams.

People everywhere are buying crystal balls. They have read Mr. Lang's article in a monthly review, and on its advice are writing to the Psychological Research society in Buckingham street, Strand, for the necessary crystals. Mr. Bennett, secretary of the society, says that as a result of Mr. Lang's article the demand for crystals has gone up with a bound. So many are the orders that he is unable to execute them all.

"There is something weirdly attractive in Mr. Lang's instructions to crystal gazers. It is best, he says, to go into a room and sit down with your back to the light. Place the ball at the proper focus on a piece of dark cloth. Try to exclude reflections. Think of everything you please. Stare, say, five minutes at the ball. That is all.

Mr. Lang says he has known people to see in the crystal things actually happening miles away. More wonderful still, he has known people gazing into separate crystals at the same moment each to see the same picture.

## HISTORIC TELEGRAM SOLD.

Original of Grant's Message to Stanton Telling of Lee's Surrender.

A famous historic document, the original of General Grant's telegram to Secretary E. M. Stanton, in Grant's own handwriting, announcing the surrender of General Lee, was among the rebellion documents disposed of the other evening at the auction sale in New York of the literary possessions of the late General Adam Badeau, military secretary to Grant.

The dispatch was written in pencil in the field orderly book of Badeau, who as aide-camp was present at Grant's conference with Lee. The dispatch was bought by George H. Richmond for \$700, says the New York World.

Another document sold was the telegram of Lincoln to Grant dated April 7, 1863, and reading as follows:

General Sheridan says: "If we thing is proved, I think that Lee will surrender." Let the thing be proved.

This dispatch brought \$75.

## STRANGE PENSION CASE

Story of Henry Wensler's Accumulated Wealth.

## IT WILL REVERT TO UNCLE SAM.

Remarkable Management of an Insane Soldier's Estate That Is Now Worth Over \$25,000, All Gained From a Monthly Stipend of \$50. Fortune Still Growing Rapidly.

Starting \$11.37 in debt thirty years ago and depending for a livelihood wholly on a pension of \$50 a month from the government, the estate of Henry Wensler of Spiker, Wabash county, Ind., now amounts to more than \$25,000 and is growing at a rapid rate. What is still more curious, the government, having paid Wensler this pension for a generation, will at his death receive back the \$50 a month and \$8,000 in addition. Such a state of affairs has never before come within the ken of the bureau officials, as reported by Special Agent Stephens. The story of Wensler and his accumulated wealth is an interesting one and is thus related by the Wabash correspondent of the Indianapolis News:

"During the war he enlisted from Wabash county in the Eighty-ninth Indiana Infantry. While on the march in the south he suffered from prostration by the heat, which caused mental derangement, and, though he has not at any time been violent, he has been to an extent incapable of managing his affairs. For twelve years after his affliction Wensler was confined in the hospital for the insane at Indianapolis and was discharged as being harmless and requiring no attention. Application was made for a pension on account of his mental condition, and the case was pending some time. In 1867 his wife was divorced, and he was left comparatively friendless.

"At that time his condition was such that Jonathan Talmage, a local banker, was appointed guardian, and Mr. Talmage's report to the circuit court in September, 1870, showed that Wensler had overdrawn his account with his guardian \$11.37. In the next report Mr. Talmage showed that the pension of \$50 a month, with a considerable amount as arrearages, had been paid, and as Wensler had been supported by the state while at the hospital the arrearages amounted to a tidy sum.

"In this way the foundation of the present fortune was laid. Four years ago Mr. Talmage died, and Thomas F. Payne, a wealthy land owner of Wabash, was appointed guardian. The pension bureau required about that time that all reports of guardians of wards receiving pensions should be made to Washington. In his report of May 1, 1900, Mr. Payne set forth that the amount of funds belonging to Wensler in his hands was \$23,420 and that the total cost of administering the guardianship was \$1,214. With a few exceptions the funds were loaned on gift edged security at 10 per cent interest and later at 8 per cent. Some of the later loans have been made at 3 per cent. This interest was compounded, and the total mounted higher and higher. Wensler was active and contributed to his own sustenance. For years he piled his vocation as a huckster and drove about the county with his little wagon on which were printed in sprawling letters the words, 'H. Wensler, Huxter.'

"Recently, as went into business in a small way at Spiker's Station, four miles from Wabash. He lives alone, and his expenses for food and clothing are almost nothing. His guardian pays \$3.50 a week for his food, and Wensler takes \$25 a month for other expenses. The rest of the \$50 pension and the handsome increment from the \$25,000 at interest is reinvested as it comes in.

"The reports of the guardian to the pension bureau, making this remarkable exhibit, induced Commissioner Evans to send Special Agent Stephens to Wabash to look into the case, and he uncovered the facts as stated. The special agent says that, as Wensler has no friends, the money at his death will revert to the government. Wensler is perhaps sixty-five years old and never speaks unless addressed. He is expert in handling horses and on several occasions has been injured in runaways, but he does not seem to know what fear it. Probably no estate in the country has been so capably managed.

"It is said of Wensler that a few years ago he was seized with a desire to manage his property and went to the office of a well known Wabash lawyer to state his case. 'See here, Mr. —,' said Wensler. 'I am not insane, and I want my funds turned over to me.' The lawyer gazed at him intently for a moment and then replied: 'You're drawing a good pension, aren't you?' Wensler admitted he was. 'Well, then,' drawled the lawyer, 'if you are not insane your pension will stop, for that's why you are getting it.' Wensler looked wild, and as he shot out of the door he cried: 'The devil! I'm crazier than hell!' And after that he was content to waive all right to the management and control of his estate."

## Largest Locomotive in the World.

The American Locomotive company has just turned out from its plant in Schenectady, N. Y., the largest engine ever built. It is for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road. It is of the Dekapod type and weighs 275,000 pounds. It has ten driving wheels and will be used in the freight service in the mountain districts.

## Novel Umbrella Handle.

A beautiful crystal ball for an umbrella handle shows in its depths the bright colors of an automobile and a gayly dressed party of people filling it.

## A PLAN TO AID THE BLIND.

Frank King Suggests a Broom Colony in Kansas.

Frank King, a blind man of Kansas City, Kan., and a former pupil in the Kansas school for the blind in that city, has evolved a plan by which, he believes, the blind people of the United States may be placed on an equal footing with those who can see, so far as industrial qualifications are concerned. Mr. King's plan is to establish a colony of blind people somewhere out in Kansas and make the members of the colony self sustaining by raising broom corn and making it into brooms.

Mr. King is a blind young man who is perhaps known by more people than any other person in Kansas City, Kan. He has lived in that city nearly all his life and was educated there. He is energetic to an unusual degree, and he writes letters on a typewriter almost as skillfully as a trained operator who can see.

"I purpose establishing a colony to assist energetic blind people who are willing to help themselves," he said to a reporter of the Kansas City Star the other day, "and I mean to do it without the intervention of 'class legislation,' as our statesmen are pleased to call such legislation as they have given to sightless people.

"I realize," he said, after some reflection, "that the broom industry is only in its infancy, and hundreds of blind men may be employed yearly in this industry. It is my intention to establish such a colony if I can only have the co-operation of the blind people and their friends. I have, in my blind condition, worked in the broom corn fields from the time the seed is planted until it was cured and seeded, baled and sorted and made into as fine brooms as ever adorned a show window. I know that other blind people can do and are doing the same thing, and I can see no reason why such a project cannot be carried out. With plenty of fine broom corn land to be bought in Kansas at a low price and as good a market as can be found anywhere there is no reason why it should not succeed."

## BRIGHT REPLY OF A CHILD.

Interesting Incident in President Roosevelt's Domestic Life.

"If stories about Mr. Roosevelt are in order, I may narrate a little domestic incident," said a political friend of the president to a reporter of the New York Times. "One evening at dinner Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt were discussing an old programme which she had preserved, and both referred to the entertainment, saying how much they had enjoyed it at the time. The youngest child listened very closely and at length burst forth in genuine grief and disappointment:

"Why didn't you take me?" "Hush, my dear," said paterfamilias. "That was before your mother and I were married."

"They thought no more of the incident. A few days later the tot was telling some wildly improbable tale to the eldest. Mr. Roosevelt, who overheard the weird narrative, demanded sharply:

"When did you do all that?" "Oh, that was before you and mamma were married," replied the tot with the utmost gravity."

## CHILDREN TO FIGHT DIRT.

Jersey City Minister Training Large Number to Aid Street Cleaners.

The Rev. E. L. Stoddard, Ph. D., rector of St. John's Protestant Episcopal church, Jersey City, N. J., is training the 1,000 children in the church school to co-operate with the city authorities to keep the streets clean. He intends to make of the children a volunteer street cleaning brigade, such as Colonel Waring established on the east side among the children of the tenements.

Dr. Stoddard said to a New York Evening Journal reporter recently:

"We reach many parents through the children, and it makes them more careful about throwing things in the streets or placing light refuse upon the tops of ash barrels. The children, I find, stop to pick up waste paper that litters the streets. St. John's boys are not found among those who turn over ash barrels for sport."

## A St. Louis World's Fair Feature.

An air cooling system on a vast scale is to be tried at the St. Louis exposition. Great fans will bring down a current of cold air from a height of 800 feet above the earth and pour it over the grounds on hot days.

## In 1902.

As the present old year is approaching its close, All bent and decrepit with age, And a younger one waits just outside of the gates All ready to hop on the stage, Don't you think 'twould be well ere the tap of the bell?

To jot down the good things you'll do, How the year you'll begin and the honors you'll win

## In 1902?

If the trail you have struck is all ditched with mire, If success has avoided your grip, If the burden you bear is a burden of care And a smile seems to die on your lip, Just remember you'll make a strong effort to break

Away from the shadows so blue And successfully reach for prosperity's peach

## In 1902.

Bury all of your woes with the year at its close So deeply they never can rise; Put your hand to the wheel and push forward With a resolute fire in your eyes.

Hit the trail with a will, although steep be the hill, To yourself and your honor be true, Keep an eye to the right, and you'll win in the fight

## In 1902.

As the passing year dies if the smiles of the sun, Your gratified eyes ever greet, If the path you have trod by the blessing of God Has always been smooth to your feet, Help yourselves prone to the path of success, Lead a hand to those weaker than you, And you'll meet with reward at the hands of the Lord

## In 1902.

—Denver Evening Post.

## JESTS OF ROOSEVELT.

Incidents That Illustrate the President's Sense of Humor.

## GRANTED A REQUEST IN NOVEL WAY.

Why He Gave the Vixen, a War Vessel, Its Name—How He Trifled With the Thirst of Some High Navy Officers—Case of the Unfortunate Mr. Blank.

President Roosevelt possesses a characteristic sense of humor. It is vigorous and sometimes almost grotesque, says the Baltimore Sun. When he was assistant secretary of the navy, during the preparation for the Spanish war the government was buying a number of yachts to be converted into torpedo boats, dispatch boats, scouts, etc. Considerable intimacy existed between the family of President Roosevelt and that of one of the officers of the navy in the department. The wife of this officer got a fancy that she would like to have one of these beautiful little boats bear her name. There is a prejudice in the navy against giving a woman's name to a war vessel of any type. It is believed to be unlucky. But the officer, who found it easier to face official prejudice than to resist the importunities of his better half, made the request of Mr. Roosevelt.

The assistant secretary of the navy hesitated. "I won't do," he said. "I would like to gratify your wife, but a woman's name won't do."

Then a thought occurred to him, and he relented. "I will fix it," he said. "Tell your wife it will be all right."

The next day the boat was named the Vixen.

"I am going to put you in command of her," said Mr. Roosevelt when he announced the name, but he didn't.

The sun was over the fo'yard, and every old officer was licking his lips. The squadron had been out for two days at target practice, and on that day the chief officers of the several ships had been invited on board the flagship, where they were to be entertained by Theodore Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy. The guests and Mr. Roosevelt talked about the feats of gunnery and speculated upon how such and such a shot would have counted had the target been a Spanish ship. All save Mr. Roosevelt had begun to weary of this topic. They found it dry, and conversation had begun to lag by the time luncheon was announced. Men who had been long on salt water were conscious of something lacking in the entertainment. For some time there had been a clearing of throats and significant exchange of glances. Mr. Roosevelt's eyes, following those of his guests, caught the angle of the sun to the fo'yard.

"Will you step into the cabin and have some tea?" he said, with an expression which might be significant of most anything, but which received but one interpretation by those who felt the salt spray in their throats. The movement toward the cabin was spontaneous. There, in the center of a great table, rested a punch bowl of magnificent proportions filled nearly to the brim with a liquid a shade deeper than amber of the richest hue. In its center floated an island of ice. Sprays of mint were scattered at its base and extended their slender leaves over its brim, while pieces of lemon and other fruit floated on the surface of the cool and tempting flood. A generous ladle was dipped into its mysterious depths and glasses were marshaled around.

The old commodore, with the color of the sun upon his face and the dryness of the desert in his throat, turned eagerly toward this oasis. He stirred the ladle lovingly in the bowl, while others gathered about him. He held his glass, filled to the brim, between his eye and the sunlight that came with a burning glow through the cabin window, and the clatter and clink of glasses sounded through the cabin as each officer filled to the occasion. With an air of contentment and anticipated joy he brought the glass to his lips. Then, as all lifted their glasses to follow his example, a look of horror passed over his face, his hand trembled, and the glass almost fell to the table.

"Be d—d if it ain't tea," he gasped.

Shortly after Mr. Roosevelt entered the White House a politician called upon him with reference to appointments. After the preliminary expressions of high esteem, unbounded admiration and eternal loyalty the politician began to disclose his business.

"I want to speak to you about Mr. Blank, who holds a small office down in my district."

The politician didn't finish his sentence. "What?" exclaimed Roosevelt, interrupting him. "Is that infernal scoundrel still in that place? I had some knowledge of him when I was civil service commissioner."

The politician acknowledged that Mr. Blank was still there and then turned the subject.

## Multiplex Telegraphy.

Dr. William Duane, professor of physics at the state university in Boulder, Colo., has just been granted a patent for an invention by which a large number of telegraphic messages may be sent over one wire and earth return at the same time. In the physical laboratory of the university it is said that he has had as many as eighteen circuits working on the same wire. On any of these circuits the Morse instrument may be placed and used exactly as with the single wire now in use. The invention is based on the principle of asynchronizing motors.

## YOUNG CORBETT'S CAREER.

Facts About the New Champion Featherweight of the World.

A game of faro, with \$10 as his stake, gave to "Young Corbett" (William H. Rothwell) the opportunity to whip Champion Terry McGovern, says the New York World.

For the last year Rothwell has been managed by Johnny Corbett of Denver, who, by the way, is no relative of the new featherweight champion pugilist of the world. Corbett has always been a manager without financial resources; consequently when the articles to fight McGovern were signed two months ago Rothwell was up against the proposition of raising money for training and traveling expenses. He tried to borrow \$400 from Denver sports, but they either refused or could not accommodate him. With \$40 in his pocket, all he had left from the proceeds of his last fight with George Dixon, he went to Bob Austin's gambling house to try his luck at faro as a last resort. If he could not win out his training expenses right there, the match with McGovern was off. He lost his \$40 in less than an hour and was standing round watching the game with a faraway look in his eyes when a friend lent him \$10.

Rothwell started to play again and in half an hour had a stack in front of him which represented \$500. He left the money with Austin till next day, when he drew it and began training. Denver holds a crowd of sports who are mad with delight over the victory of their champion, but thoroughly disgusted with themselves for lack of nerve in failing to make a cleanup on Corbett at odds of 2 and 3 to 1.

William Rothwell, as the conqueror of McGovern was christened, is the son of a carpenter, Richard Rothwell, who emigrated from Ontario, Canada, in the seventies shortly after his marriage. "Young Corbett" is the eldest child, and there are two sisters and a brother.

The lad had such a thirst for athletic sports almost from his babyhood that it was impossible to keep him tied down to any occupation or trade, and he has come to the age of twenty-one years in the constant company of men of muscle, most of the time in the atmosphere of the prize ring.

"Young Corbett" has been fighting since he was seven years of age. In vaudeville shows and in preliminary events to prizefights in Denver for the last thirteen years he has been an attraction. Three years ago Bob Austin took him up and paid his training expenses for many months with Colorado fighters. In the last three years he has won twenty-eight fights, has had seven draws and has been defeated four times.

The new champion is a lad of sunny disposition and is idolized by his family. One of his sisters, Ethel, now sixteen, is as fond of boxing as her brother and has been a great help to him in light training at home for many years. She has a thorough knowledge of the game and wrote to him a few days ago that if he followed her advice given before "Young Corbett" left Denver he would win.

## ETIQUETTE OF GIFT GIVING.

Points to Be Remembered in Giving and Receiving Xmas Presents.

There is an etiquette governing the giving and receiving of presents, as there is about most things, because there is always a best way to do everything, says the December Ladies' Home Journal. If we penetrate below the surface of the little courteous conventions, we shall find that consideration for the feelings of others underlies all. Do not try to make your gift look as though it cost more than you paid for it. Aside from the paltry spirit of such giving it is a delusion and a snare, for next year your offering must seem to be as fine as the one of this season or you may appear to have been less anxious to please your friend. The best gifts are those which put no tax upon material resources, but trifles of which the recipients may make frequent use and so keep the giver in mind.

Take the time to write a few words of loving or cordial greeting on the cards that accompany your gifts. Without that evidence of individual personal thought the offering of even the finest present appears somewhat graceless and unreflexive. A message on a card is better than a note, because more informal, and one should not seem to make much of a gift. Having your presents daintily wrapped is not less a matter of courtesy. Let their outward appearance commend them. Leave them or send them to their destination the day before Christmas, unless you can insure their reception early in the day. A tardy gift appears like an afterthought.

## Oxford Ties Worn in Winter.

The manager of a large shoe store in New York said to a reporter of the New York Sun that they carried now through the winter, as in fact they had been doing for two or three years, a line of Oxford ties, doubtless very generally considered and in fact commonly worn as a summer shoe only. Oxford ties in winter are worn by athletic college men and others, robust young men, who suffer no inconvenience from them on account of the cold, but wear them with comfort the year round.

## The Christmas Children.

"How many days till Christmas?" "They're counting 'em one by one."

"How many days?" "To the merry ways."

Where the beautiful reindeer run?"

"How many days till Christmas?" "Let 'em hasten o'er hill and plain!"

Story and song, Let 'em speed along, And we'll all be boys again! —Atlanta Constitution.

## REV. DR. AMENT ON CHINA.

Speaks Before the American Board of Foreign Missions.

## SAYS THE BOXERS ARE SETTLED.

The People of China, He Declares, Were Sorry When the Soldiers Were Withdrawn—Puts Looting on the Basis of Payment of Honest Debts.

Rev. Dr. William S. Ament of Peking, against whom the charge of looting during the siege of that city has been made, delivered an address at the meeting of the American board of commissioners for foreign missions at Hartford, Conn., the other day. With regard to the Boxer uprising and the subsequent looting and conduct of the soldiers and missionaries Dr. Ament said:

"Thousands of Chinese today are growing rich because of their foreign occupation. Nearly as many are profiting by this as were injured by the Boxer uprising. The Chinese will entertain no idea of another Boxer outbreak, the stupidity and self destructiveness of which are apparent to the dullest.

"There is no proof that the Boxer movement was antifeign or anti-Christian in its origin. The momentum came from the imperial support, and only one is the great criminal. Yet to follow her and demand punishment in person would lead to a disturbance in China such as the world never saw. It would touch every Celestial in a vital spot, as he would see in it a menace to the very principles to which he owed his position in the home and in the community.

"Dazed and stunned as they seem, the Chinese people will need time to recover from the jars and strain of their bad work of 1900. Many believe today that the power of the idols is broken. Soldiers of nine nationalities came, as many supposed, to avenge murdered friends and fellow citizens, yet, after temporary ebullitions of wrath, which are not unusual with soldiers in a foreign land, within a brief time they settled down to peaceful and kindly residence, so that when they came to depart the populace cry out in grief. Not only was this true of American soldiers, but even the French at Pekingfu, the last to leave the interior, were begged to remain, having proved themselves defenders of the people and better friends than they had ever seen in uniform before.

"Missionaries have assisted in the collection of indemnities for the people who look to them as leaders and defenders. Why not? Christianity recognizes the right of the individual. Christianity teaches the supremacy of law and the privileges of treaties. While the Christian may take with joy the spoiling of goods, he will not fail to rejoice when those goods are restored to him. Being a missionary or a convert from heathenism in north China by no means makes an outlaw of a person, nor, indeed, should it be so. Why should not those who unjustly deprived our people of their homes and property restore that which they had stolen? This is the payment of an honest debt, not retaliation."

## TWIN TO BURGLARS.

The Humorist